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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

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## POETRY.

### OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If we sit down at set of sun,  
And count the things that we have done,  
And counting, find  
One self-deceiving act, one word  
That caused the heart of him who heard:  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then we count the day well spent.  
But, if through the live long day  
We've caused no heart by you or may:  
We've done nothing that we can trace,  
That brought the sunshine to a face:  
No act, most small,  
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

### STORY TELLER.

#### OVER THE WIRES.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

First I must tell you who I am, and  
how I came to be in the Baysville  
Bank in the "wee sma' hours," one  
dreary December night, some three  
years ago.

My name, then, is Olive Hudson,  
and I was seventeen years old on that  
same December night, and so very  
small, that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who  
was not twelve, was half a head taller  
than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father  
died and left us very poor. Mother  
struggled along in a weary hand to  
hand fight with poverty till I was six-  
teen, and died. She rented two rooms  
of Mrs. Knight, a widow also, with two  
staid sons, an aged father, and two  
daughters. After mother died, I was  
adopted by the Knight's, and although  
I was earning a support as music teach-  
er in the Baysville Academy, I was like  
one of the family, when I was in my  
good landlady's home.

They were all in good positions, al-  
though by no means an aristocratic  
family. John, the oldest son, was in  
New York in a wholesale sugar house;  
Tom was the night watchman of the  
Baysville Bank Building, and grandpa  
—we all called him grandpa—was tel-  
egraph operator of the town; Mary  
was a milliner, and Dolly still at school.

Baysville Bank Building was a large  
granite structure, containing the post-  
office and bank on the first floor, the  
telegraph office and a number of pri-  
vate law offices on the second floor,  
and other private offices on the third  
floor. In the basement were post-office  
rooms for sorting the mail, and also  
the large bank vaults.

I knew the building well, for I was  
fond of telegraphing, and spent half  
my leisure time perched up beside  
grandpa in his office, sending and re-  
ceiving messages, while he slept peace-  
fully, or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my  
amusement at Dryden, the next station.  
The operator at Dryden was a wit, and  
flashed nonsense to our office when  
business was dull. It fell flat when  
grandpa was in the office, but if I was  
there, I went back just for jest, and  
sometimes an hour slipped by like a  
minute as we talked over the wires of  
every topic under the sun. He called  
himself Lion, and I, for nonsense,  
signed myself Elephant, laughing while  
I did so at the reflection of my tiny  
figure in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles  
from Baysville, was C—, a large com-  
mercial town, the nearest railway sta-  
tion, and where an office was always  
open for the accommodation of travel-  
ers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the  
night watchman of Baysville Bank  
Building, and a lonely time he had of  
it. The last mail came by stage at  
four o'clock in the afternoon, and the  
post-office was vacated at six. The  
bank closed at three, and by six every  
office was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and  
grandpa, who was restless at night,  
was in the habit of taking down some  
coffee and luncheon, as the building  
was only a stone's throw from our  
house.

On the December night I have al-  
ready mentioned, it had stormed heav-  
ily all day, and I had taken a new class  
at the Academy, coming home later in  
the day than usual, and excited over  
my increase of salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed,  
and I was lingering over the kitchen  
fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the  
plunge into my cold room, where I had  
allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs.  
Knight, lifting her face from over the  
fire, said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep  
on the sofa in the sitting-room. I'll  
have Tom's basket ready by the time  
grandpa has his coat and hat on. I  
hate to call him, for he was complain-  
ing of rheumatism to-day, and the  
ground is very wet, although the storm  
is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run  
over with the basket. It is only a step."

"But it is so dark. Aren't you  
afraid?"

"Not a bit. I'll slip on my water-  
proof and rubbers, and draw the hood  
of the cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will. Though I am  
afraid Tom will scold at my letting you  
go."

"I'll put the basket on the table and  
run, and he will never know who left  
it."

"Go in the rear basement door. He  
leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket,  
hurried across the space between the  
building and the house, and stole soft-  
ly in at the rear basement door, in  
pursuance of my plan to drop the bas-  
ket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were  
noiseless, and I had scarcely passed  
the threshold when I stood rooted to  
the floor in terrified amazement.

Somebody was talking!

I crept forward and listened. There  
were men in the bank vault, and a  
glimmer of light shone under the door.

While I listened, some one said:

"There's a confounded draught here.  
Did you shut the door, Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind may have blown  
it open."

I had just time to dart under the  
staircase and crouch down, when the  
door of the vault opened, and a man  
came out.

He crossed the entry, drew the two  
heavy, noisy bolts, fastening the door  
by which I had entered, and returned,  
without closing the vault door.

I could look in, by the dim light, to  
see two men working at the safe locks  
by the stream of light thrown from a  
dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound  
and gagged upon the floor, but I could  
only conjecture it was Tom, for I could  
not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it  
would be impossible for me to draw  
those heavy bolts without attracting  
notice. And the bank was being rob-  
bed, that was evident. How could I  
prevent it? I could not get out, I could  
not reach Tom. Suddenly I remem-  
bered the telegraph office on the sec-  
ond floor. If I could summon help  
from C—, it was only five miles  
and there was a long job for the bur-  
glars before they could open the safe.

Could I creep around the staircase?  
If one of those busy men turned his  
head I was lost. I softly crept out on  
all fours, slowly, watchfully, and gain-  
ed the stairs. Up I darted, blessing  
my india rubber shoes, till I gained  
the door of the telegraph office. All  
dark there, and I dared not strike a  
match.

I listened, and then, leaving the  
door open, groped my way to the well  
known desk, and gave the signal at C—.  
I could hear my own heart  
throb as I waited for the answer. It  
came! Still working in the dark, I  
sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville Bank  
vault! Watchman gagged and bound!  
Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in list-  
ening, but at last the sound reached me:

"Will send help immediately!"

I crept to the head of the staircase,  
afraid the clear ring of the instrument  
had been heard in the vault; but no  
one came up stairs. The window of  
the telegraph office faced the street, so  
I returned, bolted myself in safely, and  
sat down to watch.

The town clock gave one resonant  
stroke, breaking the deep silence, and

no signs of life are visible on the long  
stretch of road leading to C—. I  
was numb with the cold, wishing  
heartily that I had not left Tom's bas-  
ket under the staircase, thinking re-  
gretfully of my own cozy bed, when I  
heard, afar off, the sound of horses'  
feet.

No sister Annie, in Blue Beard's  
tower, was ever more watchful than I  
was then.—Would the burglars take  
the alarm?

The building made a corner of two  
streets, and I saw eight mounted men  
dash up the road, and while four dis-  
mounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for  
this flank movement, for while the po-  
lice in front were thundering at the  
main entrance, the robbers rushed to  
the rear basement door, right into the  
arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots  
fired, the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths  
and general confusion, and I slipped  
down stairs, out of the now deserted  
main entrance, and home.

Everybody was abed, and I went to  
my own room, had a good crying spell,  
and comforted my half frozen body in  
double blankets, where I soon fell  
asleep.

All this was on Friday night, and I  
had no teaching to do until Monday, so  
I slept late; but coming down, found all  
the family prepared to make a heroine  
of me.

"I never knew till mother told me  
this morning," said Tom, "that it was  
not grandpa who sent the message to  
C—. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky  
if you are little. I gave up when four  
of them pounced on me from one of  
the upper rooms. They must have  
got in through the day, and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights prom-  
ise not to tell my adventure, but could  
not. Before night all Baysville knew  
how Olive Hudson caught the burg-  
lars. I was in the office with grand-  
pa, when over the wires came this  
message:

"What does Olive Hudson look  
like? Everybody in Dryden is talking  
about her great exploit."

I flashed back:

"What do you suppose such a wo-  
man would look like? She is nearly  
six feet, broad shouldered and loud-  
voiced, a perfect Elephant."

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it really was!"

"Do you know, I want to see you.  
I'm going to New York to-day, but I'll  
be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not  
see me! I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing hap-  
pened. My mother's brother who had  
been seventeen years, nearly all my  
life time, in Cuba, came home to New  
York, he found me out, and took me  
into a life of ease and luxury, making  
me his pet in his splendid house. He  
was a bachelor, over fifty years of age,  
handsome and well-informed, and with  
large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of  
his own, and my circle of acquaintanc-  
es widened every day. I was entirely  
happy, for we loved each other well.

One day Uncle George brought  
home to dine a stranger, whom he in-  
troduced to me as:

"The son of an old friend, Olive,  
Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty  
bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty,  
or thereabouts, with a face that was  
downright ugly, but pleasant from the  
expression of frank good humor and  
intelligence upon it. We talked of  
everything, and I was surprised at the  
congeniality of taste we soon discov-  
ered. In an animated discussion of  
heroines, Mr. Roberts turning to Un-  
cle George, said:

"You were kindly inquiring this  
morning about my fortune since fath-  
er died, but I did not tell you one lit-  
tle episode. Before I was fortunate  
enough to obtain my present lucrative  
situation, I was for a time telegraph  
operator in a small place called Dry-  
den, and then I heard of a real hero-  
ine of whom the world will, probably,  
never hear."

I knew what was coming, but I kept  
my face perfectly composed to listen.  
When the story was finished, giving

Uncle George a sly pinch to keep quiet,  
I said:

"What kind of a looking person  
was the wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her; for although  
Baysville was the next village to Dry-  
den, I never went there. But she was  
described to me as tall, strong, and  
masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said,  
gravely, "she was a perfect Elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me, I am  
certain never came upon Leo Roberts'  
face before or after that hour. His eyes  
dilated till I thought they would pop  
out of his head, ugly face, and his  
mouth opened in utter amazement.  
Finally, he remembered his manners,  
and gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you  
please introduce me properly to Mr.  
Roberts? I believe he thinks your  
niece must share your name."

With a flourish Uncle George arose  
and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo Roberts, Miss Olive Hud-  
son—Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

After that we could not certainly be  
strangers, and Mr. Roberts came  
"many a time and oft" to dine with  
Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding,  
where the bride was small, buried in  
lace and orange blossoms, and the  
bridegroom was ugly and good-nat-  
ured; but it was a true love match, a  
fit ending for the flirtation commenced  
at Dryden and Baysville, "Over the  
Wires."

## HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold to your tongue when you are  
just read to swear, lie, speak harshly,  
or say any improper word. Hold on  
to your hand when you are about to  
strike, pinch, scratch, steal or to do any  
disobedient or improper act. Hold on  
to your foot when you are on the point  
of kicking, running away from duty,  
or pursuing the path of error, shame  
or crime. Hold on to your temper  
when you are angry, excited or impos-  
ed upon, or others are angry about  
you. Hold on to your heart when evil  
associates seek your company, and in-  
vite you to join in their games of mirth  
and revelry. Hold on to your good  
name at all times, for it is more val-  
uable to you than gold, high places, or  
fashionable attire. Hold on to your  
truth, for it will serve you well, and  
do you good through eternity. Hold  
on to your virtue—it is above all price  
to you in all times and places. Hold  
on to your good character, for it is and  
ever will be your best worth. Above  
all, hold on to Christ, for without him  
we can do nothing, and with him all  
these other things will become easy,  
and afford you joy and comfort in life,  
and glory in the life to come.—Ee.

## INGERSOLL SAYS "GO WEST."

If there is a man in this audience I  
beg of him never take a clerkship in  
the city of Washington. Don't you  
do it. Don't put your happiness  
don't put your fortune—in the power  
of another man's breath. Don't you  
—You never will have any man-  
hood; you never will have any val-  
or; you never will have any real  
square spunk; you cannot have it;  
and you will lose confidence, and you  
will begin to think if you cannot have  
a regular payment of ninety-four dol-  
lars and seventy-five cents, that you  
cannot possibly make a living in this  
world. It will take all the pluck out  
of you. I beg of you not to discount  
your future. I beg of every young  
man, have the courage to take what  
comes, let it be feast or let it be fam-  
ine, but don't sell the gift that fortune  
has for you for a petty salary of sixty  
or seventy or one hundred dollars per  
month. Don't do it. Go west! I  
would rather have forty acres of land  
and a log house with one room—yes,  
and the woman I love, and some lattice  
work over the window, so that the sun-  
light would fall checkered on the baby  
cradle, and a few holly-hocks at the  
corner of the house, and a nice path  
leading down to the spring, where I  
could go and hear the water gurgling;  
I would rather live there and die there  
than be a clerk of any government on  
earth.

## OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 22d, 1877.

The Capitol at present is a busy  
place. Here, beside the men looking  
after the affairs of State, are many  
more looking after positions, patriots  
of both parties, who would consider  
themselves and the country fortunate,  
could they secure a position where  
their valuable services could be uti-  
lized, and who are ready to state that  
the Government really must appoint  
them, in order to make the Administra-  
tion Policy a success.

As usual, the vacancies are few, and  
there are ninety and nine disappointed  
aspirants to one successful one. When  
will American citizens learn that hon-  
est, manly effort, in some legitimate  
calling will render them more return  
than a position under "Uncle Sam,"  
and yet every winter hundreds collect  
here to spend their time and earnings,  
following political phantoms, resplend-  
ent with promises, but full of disap-  
pointment.

The Speaker, Mr. Crandall, has had  
to go to his home in Philadelphia, be-  
cause he could have no leisure here to  
prepare his committee. Meanwhile  
the House has taken a recess, and the  
omnipresent lobbyist improves the  
"shining hours." Though the Louisi-  
ana question has been so long before  
the public, and the arguments consist  
only in ringing new charges on the  
old topics, the intensity continues, and  
the Senate galleries have been well  
filled, though doubtless a curiosity to  
witness the predicted split in the Re-  
publican party has brought many.  
Yesterday the Senate was occupied  
with the Enstis case. The seat Mr.  
E. claims has been vacant since '73,  
and in consequence of the troublous  
times which followed, the famous com-  
mittee headed by Representative, now  
Vice-President, Wheeler were sent to  
New Orleans and secured a settlement.  
The legislature of 1875-6, known  
as the Wheeler Compromise Legisla-  
ture elected, Mr. Enstis. Mr. Morton,  
before Pinchback's claim was settled,  
expressed himself satisfied that Mr.  
Enstis' claim would be a valid one if  
there were any vacancy. Mr. Thur-  
man, yesterday, reminded the Sen-  
ate of this and that Mr. Pinch-  
back's claim was rejected, leaving  
a vacancy. Mr. Edmunds con-  
tended that as there was no vacancy  
at the time of Mr. Enstis' election,  
Pinchback's case not being determined,  
it is now a matter of Law. After some  
further discussion it was referred to  
the committee. This is an especially  
important question now, for, as there  
are thirty-seven Republicans, and thirty-  
three Democrats, the addition of  
two Senators from Louisiana and one  
from South Carolina, if Judge Davis  
votes with the Democrats, would make  
a tie, or if Morton should die and a  
Democrat succeed him, and Davis vote  
with the Republicans, there would  
still be a tie. As Judge Davis is con-  
sidered an Independent, his vote will  
be watched with a great interest.  
The President, in an interview with  
Representative Harmon, speaking of  
the recent elections, said that the peo-  
ple had been much misinter-  
preted, that it was

that class of politicians who hold office  
for political ends, and attempt to force  
conventions to act in the interest of  
individuals. He hopes that his friends  
will come to him with all questions,  
instead of making them the subject of  
public discussion.

Doorkeeper Palk is, more than ever,  
convinced that there is no rose with-  
out a thorn. He is so beset with ap-  
plicants for all the positions in his  
gift, that, to rid himself of the burden,  
he will divide the offices among the  
States, and leave the Representatives  
to fill them.

Senator Jones' Silver commission  
has at last reported. It recommends  
a two-fold standard and remonetiza-  
tion of silver. Apropos to silver, in  
a party of gentlemen, the other day,  
some one asked, "why has no thought-  
ful answer been given by any of the  
gold resumptionists to the arguments  
of Senator Jones and others, on the  
silver question?" "Oh!" said Gen-  
eral Schenck, "that must be because  
speech is silver, and silence is gold-  
en." This same gentleman who

helped to make poker so popular, has,  
meteor-like, descended from the polit-  
ical heavens, and is living up town in  
a quiet unostentatious manner, receiv-  
ing but few calls, and seldom making  
any.

A letter, with the following address,  
came to the Dead Letter Office yester-  
day, from North Carolina:

"To John Green Pearce, in the State  
of Rhode Island, where Providence  
city adheres to dry land, I pray thee  
thy thither my dear little letter, in  
Uncle Sam's care for want of a better,  
if John should be slow himself to re-  
veal, please search for a youth with  
tan on his heel."

M. C. Everett, of Pennsylvania, has  
presented a memorial of four hundred  
working men of Pittsburg, asking for  
an appropriation to enable them to  
migrate to, and occupy, public lands  
as cultivators. FAX.

## DIDN'T KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

A well-known clergyman was cross-  
ing Lake Erie many years ago upon  
one of the steamers, and seeing a  
small lad at the wheel steering the  
boat he accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small  
boy to steer so large a boat."

"Yes, sir; but you see I can do it,  
though."

"Do you think you understand your  
business, my son?"

"Yes, sir; I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you box it."

Boy boxes the compass.

"Well, really, you can do it! Let  
me hear you box it backward."

Boy boxes it backward.

"I declare, my son, you do seem to  
understand your business."

The boy now took his turn at ques-  
tion-asking.

"Pray, sir, what may be your busi-  
ness?"

"I am a minister of the gospel."

"Do you understand your business?"

"I think I do, my son."

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

Clergyman repeats the prayer.

"Well, really, you do know it! Now  
say it backward."

Clergyman says he cannot do it.

"You can't do it, eh? Now you see  
I understand my business a great deal  
better than you do yours."

Clergyman acknowledged himself  
beaten and retired.

## HUNTING A WILD HORSE.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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sarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good  
faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for  
views and opinions expressed in communica-  
tions.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on  
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## CARE FOR YOUR FARM.

Having occasion recently to take a  
trip to one of our cities on business,  
we were favorably impressed with the  
neat and comfortable appearance of  
many of the farms, by which, and across  
which, we were drawn by the "Iron  
Horse" as we pursued our journey.

We saw much to admire, yea covet,  
as we hastily caught the evidences of  
industry and thrift which betokened  
the energy and cultivated taste of many  
of the farmers.

But, strange as it may appear, the  
beautiful panorama, like many other  
pictures, had also its shady side; and  
for every tidy, well-kept farm, with its  
thousand and one symptoms of prosper-  
ity, there were, at least, from two to  
five that showed, even at a hasty  
glance, the slovenliness, and lack of  
appreciation of the beautiful, of those  
who were their possessors.

Instead of a comfortable-looking, nicely-  
painted dwelling, (dimensions have nothing  
to do with this subject,) with its well-  
arranged lawn, its well-cared-for kitchen  
garden, commodious barns and out-  
houses, its carefully pruned fruit trees,  
and its substantial fences, there, on the  
less brilliant side of agricultural  
life, stood the house, with its exterior  
surface minus a coat of paint to shield  
it from the inclemency of the weather,  
exhibiting sure signs of decay, produc-  
ed by a quarter or half a century of  
the scorching rays of the sun's sum-  
mer withering heat, and the blasting  
storms of winter's howling winds; there  
stood the antique barn, with its sides  
shattered by the raging elements of  
unnumbered years, without a clap-  
board to check the force of outside  
pressure, crevices through the siding  
wide and long enough for one to learn  
the contents without going inside of the  
building, with a leaky roof for the free  
admission of the rain; the dilapidated,  
rotten, tumble-down fences, scarcely  
served as barriers to prevent the cattle  
from stepping, at will and with com-  
parative ease from the pasture to the  
corn or wheat fields and wasting in a  
single night that, upon which had been  
bestowed, perhaps, a month's labor;  
while in many cases there was no road  
fence at all to separate the high way  
from the farmer's crops.

It is not poverty in every instance  
that draws the separating line between  
the above two pictures. Negligence is,  
more frequently than anything else,  
the cause of the wide difference be-  
tween the "beauty" side and the "ugly"  
side of the picture of the farmer's home.

A farm and its buildings when kept  
up in good condition, like a well-fed  
and well-trained horse or a plump sleek  
cow, often command a ready sale, at a  
large price, when another farm that  
has been neglected, its buildings and  
fences allowed to rot down, would, if  
the owner was obliged or desired to sell  
it, quite likely have to be parted with  
at a considerable shrinkage from the  
possible value of the land.

We have seen the nervous man in a  
hurry. He bounced and pounced,  
first into this, then into that; he tore,  
reared, swore, foamed, sweat, growled,  
grunted, and by way of relief scolded;  
but the more he floundered and made  
himself unhappy and others uncom-  
fortable, the less was the progress in  
helping forward his work.

We have also seen the business man,  
of cool head and steady nerves, almost  
swamped by urgent duties, and under  
a ponderous load of pressing cares  
and responsibilities, moving surely  
and steadily forward, amid seemingly  
unconquerable difficulties, and with  
his temper unruffled, overcoming one  
obstacle after another to the sure ac-  
complishment of his desired achieve-  
ments.

At times when it is desirable to per-  
form a large amount of labor, and  
when business gets "badly mixed," as  
it often does, nothing so much im-  
pedes progress in accomplishing a  
great amount of labor as nervous and

## ONE DEAF-MUTE'S TRIUMPH.

One cannot pick up the October An-  
nals, look at the fine building in the  
frontispiece, and then read the accom-  
panying account of the Mackay Institu-  
tion for Protestant Deaf-mutes without  
the conviction that now and then a deaf-  
mute does not live in vain. Mr. Thom-  
as Widd, the Principal of the Institu-  
tion, is a deaf-mute, and the only deaf-  
mute principal of an institution of that  
kind in America. There are two or  
three principals of day schools, but  
only one of an institution.

Going to Canada late in the sixties,  
Thomas Widd toiled a couple of years  
in that deserted field before he could  
arouse enough enthusiasm to make a  
beginning. And when he did, and  
managed to live from year to year,  
slowly increasing his little flock the  
while, well-nigh his only resource was  
individual charity. Our annals hardly  
present a parallel of such work, the  
present enlightenment and the numer-  
ous flourishing examples all considered.

In his brief history of the institution,  
he tells us that he worked eight hours  
a day in the school-room, he taught  
two classes out of school hours, he  
was principal, steward, supervisor,  
and teacher of trades, and the hours of  
night were diligently utilized to com-  
plete such duties as the day required.

He had to house, in a building com-  
fortably accommodating but fifteen,  
besides himself, one teacher and two  
domestics, twenty, and at one time  
twenty-seven, pupils. And as to fi-  
nances and salaries, the matron,  
teachers and himself between them,  
got the immense aggregate of  
\$600 a year! But Thomas Widd is a  
deaf-mute, and is working for the good  
of other deaf-mutes. Incidentally, he  
tells us that circumstances at first  
compelled him to use the eight hour  
system, but as soon as he could, with  
commendable alacrity, he discarded it  
and substituted five hours, which  
change speedily showed beneficial re-  
sults in the health and improvement of  
the pupils, and the physique of the  
teachers improved also.

In the fall of 1876, a citizen of  
Montreal, John Mackay, Esq., who had  
long been watching the course of the  
institution and the labors of Mr. Widd,  
came forward and said he would erect  
a building of stone on a fine plot of  
ground, capable of accommodating 80  
pupils, with the necessary officers.

This has been done, and the structure  
is now nearly ready for occupation.

We fail to recall a parallel case in  
deaf-mute institutions any where. The  
fine Clark Institution, in Northampton,  
Mass., owes its prosperity to the mun-  
ificence of a gentleman whose name  
it bears; but the money came as a leg-  
acy, bestowed when the owner had no  
further use for it. Besides it was given  
to promote the interests of a peculiar  
system—that of articulation. Mr. Mac-  
kay is alive and can daily see the fruits  
of his good deed. His benevolence is  
not marred by any hobby, but is a  
generous whole-souled help, and, if  
length of days is a boon to be coveted,  
may he live a number of years equal  
to the dollars he has given.

The facts as they are, are very sug-  
gestive. Mr. Widd is the only deaf-  
mute principal of an institution, as far  
as we know, and that institution, of  
all others, has been favored in an un-  
paralleled way, in a country, too, where  
such things are rarely looked for. The  
instance stands out brightly in a back-  
ground that increases its proportions  
—it adds one more triumph to the few  
vouchsafed to deaf-mutes.

## Keep Your Nerves Steady.

When cares and perplexities annoy,  
and crowding business affairs multi-  
ply, there is no one thing which helps  
one "out of the wilderness" as easily  
as to keep the nerves steady and the  
head cool.

We have seen the nervous man in a  
hurry. He bounced and pounced,  
first into this, then into that; he tore,  
reared, swore, foamed, sweat, growled,  
grunted, and by way of relief scolded;  
but the more he floundered and made  
himself unhappy and others uncom-  
fortable, the less was the progress in  
helping forward his work.

We have also seen the business man,  
of cool head and steady nerves, almost  
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a ponderous load of pressing cares  
and responsibilities, moving surely  
and steadily forward, amid seemingly  
unconquerable difficulties, and with  
his temper unruffled, overcoming one  
obstacle after another to the sure ac-  
complishment of his desired achieve-  
ments.

At times when it is desirable to per-  
form a large amount of labor, and  
when business gets "badly mixed," as  
it often does, nothing so much im-  
pedes progress in accomplishing a  
great amount of labor as nervous and

unsteady efforts to dive, pell mell, at  
work without foresight and proper  
calculations; while in such a time, a  
man, of well-balanced temperament,  
who takes his meals regularly and  
leisurely, and takes a full amount of  
sleep and rest, and casts nervousness  
"to the dogs," will accomplish much  
brain and physical labor, and not  
cause those to feel uncomfortable and  
unhappy, by whom he is surrounded.

## How to remit for the Journal.

In sending the money (\$1.50) in let-  
ters to pay for a year's subscription to  
the JOURNAL, many are at a loss to  
know how to get along in sending the  
change (50 cts.) now that small cur-  
rency, or "skinplasters" as it is fami-  
liarly called, has become very scarce,  
and silver change is not so convenient  
to send by letter. To all such and to  
all subscribers we would say that they  
can remit by post office money order,  
or, if they prefer, they may enclose a  
one dollar bill, and fifty cents worth of  
postage stamps.

## A Deaf-mute Surprise.

The stars that informed "Mrs. Cred-  
ulous" "fortune-teller" that she was a  
widow, did not inform Mr. and Mrs.  
Milton A. Jones, of Sand Hill, that  
mischief was in the wind last Friday,  
and he went to Pulaski just the same,  
not knowing that anything out of the  
usual course of nature was about to  
take place.

Below the breath of certain of their  
friends, there had been for several days  
whisperings of a surprise.

In company with others we took  
the 6:50 p. m. train for Sand Hill. Ar-  
riving at that station, our party from  
Mexico—ourselves, wife, Mrs. Grace J.  
Chandler and Miss H. Augusta Avery  
were met by Mr. L. N. Jones' boy  
who drove us over to Milton's. When  
we got as far as Lawrence's house we  
found quite a number waiting for us,  
and we all proceeded over to Milton's,  
near by, and went in. Their daughter  
Grace was in the house, but as Milton  
had come from Pulaski somewhat late,  
Mrs. Jones was assisting him about  
milking the cows. Finishing the milking  
they came from the stables, first en-  
tering the wood-house where Mrs.  
Jones observed that there were symp-  
toms of confusion. Mr. Jones then  
went into the kitchen, where the par-  
lor door suddenly opened and a com-  
pany, not like that seen by St. John  
the Evangelist on the isle of Patmos  
"which no man could number," but  
large enough to amuse the beholder,  
suddenly appeared to his view. Next  
the company appeared before Mrs.  
Jones, in the wood-house where she  
was arranging daily matters, who,  
confronted and surprised beyond mea-  
sure, started back from the unexpected  
sight of company, uttering (silently)  
the exclamation, what! what! what!!  
They soon discovered that the maraud-  
ing party consisted of some of their  
best friends, and that no harm was  
intended.

On the above occasion thirty-four  
persons all told, old and young, male  
and female, were present to enjoy the  
beauties of the surprise, comprising  
the parents of Mr. Jones, his sister,  
brothers, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-  
law, and other relatives and near  
neighbors, and with the exception of  
Prof. A. Johnson, all that attended Mr.  
Ball's party a few evenings since, with  
the addition of C. H. Cooper, of Water-  
town, and H. W. Nutting, of Parish.

The small but determined band of  
invaders carried from home not only  
their own rations, but abundance to  
satisfy the immediate wants of the "be-  
sieged garrison." From the full bas-  
kets of things (not wine nor liquor)  
good for the "stomach's sake" two long  
tables well and tastefully freighted,  
abundantly appeased the sharpened  
appetites of those present. The supper  
was prolific and luxurious, and  
"well pleasing" to the palates of the  
company.

Late in the evening the older per-  
sons mostly took their leave. Mr. and  
Mrs. Burdick with the deaf-mutes re-  
mained through the entire night, par-  
ticipating in amusing games.

With many pleasing recollections of  
the festive and happy gathering, and  
our best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Jones  
and their children, we took the morn-  
ing train for home, to apply ourselves  
to the quill and scissors.

## A Table.

For those who use the Book of Com-  
mon Prayer.

Sunday, Nov. 4th.

The Psalter for the 4th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Proverbs i.

2d Lesson—John ix.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Proverbs ii.

2d Lesson—1 John ii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Nov. 11th.

The Psalter for the 11th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Proverbs iii.

2d Lesson—John x.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Proverbs viii.

2d Lesson—1 John iii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to as-  
sociations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the  
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and  
readers will keep us supplied with items for this  
column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

A deaf-mute runs a boot and shoe store in Can-  
ton, Ill.

The girls of the Illinois Institution incurate in  
patent swings.

A deaf-mute cooper in Wabash, Minn., turns  
out eighty barrels a week.

Anonimous deaf-mute, in Jewett, Ill., has gone  
to his long account, via the railroad track.

Alvin Boyce, of Dickinson Center, N. Y., is re-  
ported to have done very well this summer, mak-  
ing butter tubs.

Mr. Albert P. Knight, once a teacher in the  
New York Institution, has received a similar ap-  
pointment in the Central New York Institution.

In the new broom-shop of the Michigan Insti-  
tution, three blind boys have learned so well that  
they can make three or four brooms apiece in an  
afternoon.

The baker of the Michigan Institution works  
for dear life to keep the hungry vultures satisfied.  
They sometimes eat 322 loaves of bread a day.

The Mirror proposes to get out a blank so as  
to have it handy to use with names, dates, etc.,  
of those deaf-mutes who persist in making a  
highway of the railroad track.

This news comes rather late, but is none the  
less welcome, to the effect that the deaf-mutes  
of Sweden had a building erected for their instruc-  
tion in 1890, at a cost of \$100,000.

Some people take their deaf children to an in-  
stitution, and then take them home, not having  
the heart to part with them. But we notice that  
they invariably bring them back after a lapse of  
time.

A Kansas Institution pupil went off on a walk  
and strolled two hundred and fifty miles. He re-  
turned to school on a certain memorable Tuesday,  
and immediately found out that such exploits  
didn't pay.

A pupil, a girl named Bixby, who has been on  
trial at the Central New York Institution and  
been found considerably below par, mentally and  
physically, has been transferred to the Idiotie Asy-  
lum at Syracuse.

The foreman of the shoe-shop of the Kansas  
Institution having visited the shop of the Illinois  
Institution, and compared the work of the pupils,  
says he will put any of his one-year apprentices  
against the four-year apprentices of the Illinois  
Institution.

A deaf-mute, named Edmund Goodnow, form-  
erly of Canada, while going to Malone, N. Y.,  
found a whip in the road. Three Frenchmen,  
claiming the whip, undertook to take it from him  
by force, but he resisted the attempt and cleaned  
out the crowd.

C. H. Cooper, of Watertown, rode over from  
Sand Hill last Saturday with L. N. Jones, who  
brought Mrs. Rider, Mrs. Chandler and Miss  
Avery home from the party of the previous even-  
ing, reaching this village at dinner time. He  
stayed till evening and left for home by the night  
express.

Mr. & Mrs. Hiram Dopp, of Rural Grove, Mont-  
gomery Co., N. Y., visited Utica last week, and  
Mr. Dopp was very glad to meet his old class-  
mate, Mr. A. A. Barnes, after twenty-two years'  
separation. Mr. Dopp has followed the carpenter's  
trade for the last fifteen years, and is, very  
comfortably situated.

Look a letter to the Mirror telling about sun-  
dry deaf-mutes we find, that of parties mentioned,  
the author is a chronic peddler, one is a harness  
maker, one a boot-black, one a scroll-jointer, one  
a publisher, one an artist, one a sewing machine  
maker, one a printer, one a farmer, one a black-  
smith, one a servant, and all seem to be raising  
the wind.

A German lover beginning jealous of his sweet-  
heart, said something to make her mad, who put  
him on a promise not to speak for a year, which  
he, to regain her regard agreed to keep. But, she  
dying before the year was up, he chose to con-  
sider the promise binding, and although he lived  
for thirty years longer, he was never known to  
open his mouth to mortal man.

Mr. John Carlin is still "journeymen" in Utica.  
He recently finished two oil paintings of Carleton  
Island, for U. S. Commissioner Dennison, which  
were on exhibition at Buckingham's music and  
art store, and pronounced by the Press, and art  
critics generally, as two of the most exquisite  
paintings ever seen or exhibited in Utica, and  
some say that he has even surpassed this time any  
thing he ever before produced.

We presume that it is not every body in the  
New York Institution that finds the bed of Pro-  
crustes a bed of roses. At least such a high au-  
thority as the Educator, speaks of rules that do  
not bring the reasoning faculties to bear, in ap-  
plying them to particular cases. And it winds up  
in this cat-in-the-hat style: "A blind adherence  
to some rigid rule, originally right and proper,  
may bring disaster and ruin upon the most  
flourishing institution."

A deaf and dumb book-seller named Jas. H. Mc-  
Mechen, in Washington, secured an Indian doc-  
tor, his son and daughter, and when they found  
he was deaf and dumb could not talk, the  
doctor bought the "Legends of the Ohio Valley".  
The same book-seller boasts of having sold Presi-  
dent Hayes two books, in Columbus, Ohio, before  
he was elected President. Verily the deaf-mute  
book-seller is a fine thing, still future Presidents  
as he is with Poor Lo.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, of Potsdam, N. Y.,  
went away from home to visit friends. They  
called at Aldis Boyce's and stayed over night.  
They also went to Malone for pleasure and on  
business, and from the latter place they started for  
West Bangor, accompanied by a relative of Mrs.  
Barnhart. While passing through South Bangor  
one of the my-bills to the buggy broke, one  
side of the shafts dropped frightening the horse  
and he made a lurch, broke the other my-bill,  
turned the buggy bottom upward, and threw the  
occupants to the ground with great violence. Mr.  
Barnhart was dragged some distance and consid-  
erably hurt, and Mrs. Barnhart's right arm was  
broken just above the wrist. She was taken to  
the hotel, and Dr. Bradford was called in and re-  
duced the fracture.

One of the deaf-mute teachers of the Minne-  
sota Institution put up at a Minneapolis hotel  
during last week, and of course, found it crowd-  
ed. The best that could be done for him was to  
stow him away in a cot behind the grand piano,  
in the ladies' parlor. There he slept the sleep of  
the just, but next morning, awakening about  
eight o'clock, he looked around and discovering  
the room full of ladies, instantly plucked under  
the bed clothes. At last a servant came in, and  
stared with surprise at the pile of blankets in the  
corner. His surprise turned to horror when he  
saw an arm emerge and wave frantically at him,  
and he fled. By and by a gentleman appeared  
and with many apologetic bows and smiles, made  
a little speech. There was a throwing open of  
folding doors and a gathering of skirts; and a  
mass of silks and laces sailed out of the room,  
leaving our hero once more "alone in his glory."

## Local Paragraphs.

We learn that Miss Kit Roberts'  
health is very poor.

M. L. Wright's little child is sick  
with scarlet fever.

Mrs. — Prayne, the mother of Mrs.  
J. Hoese died on Monday last.

Mrs. Otis Crossman, of Wilmington,  
Del., is visiting relatives and friends  
in this village.

Mrs. Thomas Webb, of Colosse, re-  
cently spent a few days in visiting  
among her friends in this village.

It was Carrie Barnes and Mary Tif-  
fany that placed those superb flowers  
on our table. They were hard to beat.

Next Tuesday is election day. We  
don't expect to be elected to office this  
fall, but we know a good many that do.

As there appears to be an abundant  
crop of good cabbages this year, there  
is no cause for a scarcity of Saur Kraut  
next winter.

"Chickens come home to roost" but  
ours have not yet come. We wish  
they would, for we are getting hungry  
for chicken pie.

Alice Driggs is taking her turn with  
scarlet fever. We are pleased to hear  
that she is doing very well and will  
soon be out again.

The gutter paving recently done  
in front of the Webb block adds much  
to the many other improvements be-  
ing made to the streets in various  
parts of the village.

Notwithstanding the small apple  
crop in this locality this fall, "Eb"  
Jones informs us that he had about  
300 bushels, about two-thirds of which,  
however, he used for cider apples.

Mrs. Dr. Harriet Randall, who has  
been spending several weeks past at  
the West, reached home yesterday in  
good health as usual. Her many  
friends here are glad to see her again.

On and after November 1st the mail  
route between this village and Fulton  
will be daily instead of tri-weekly as  
heretofore. The stage will leave this  
village (Sundays excepted), at about  
6:30 every morning.

"My son," said a fond parent to his  
four-year-old son, "I am afraid you are  
getting to be a little pig." "Can't help  
it, Governor," replied young America  
as he took the third slice of fruit cake,  
"my father was always a big hog."

Last Friday night, at about ten  
o'clock, the store of Henry Myers at  
Texas burnt down, together with  
nearly all its contents, and those of  
the Texas Grange, which occupied the  
second floor. Cause of fire unknown.  
Insurance on store and goods said to  
be \$1,100.

Harlow Hutchins may be considered  
as quite a chopper, in these days of  
antimetic coal and patent pest, and  
if his disposition is as good as his  
ability for swinging the axe he need  
not suffer with cold. We are told  
that he cut five and one-half cords of  
stove wood last Monday. Toot out  
your choppers if you have any that  
can beat that.

A grand reception was given last  
evening at the residence of Mr. Solo-  
mon Matthews, in honor of the lately  
wedded couple, Mr. George Matthews  
and Miss Eva Miller. About two hun-  
dred invitations were given, and about  
one hundred and fifty persons were  
present. The Mexico Helicon Band  
discouraged their sweetest music. Re-  
freshments were served, and social  
pleasure reigned till twelve o'clock.  
The reception was in all respects a  
success.

At this changeable season of the  
year, the little boy who don't like to go  
to school, and his name is legion, looks  
around the cider mill and finds a long  
straw. Then he inserts one end in his  
mouth and the other in apple juice and  
applies himself to his task. At din-  
ner time when he goes home, he is not  
very hungry, and thinks he is study-  
ing too hard. At supper time he has  
symptoms of colic, is put to bed, and  
kept on dry toast and water gruel two  
days; then he has a vacation to recu-  
perate his health, and takes a great  
deal of comfort in going hunting and  
playing croquet for the next two weeks.

She wanted to look at the silks, and  
brocha shawls. The former were "splen-  
did" and the latter "just suited to her  
station." She "admired" the velvet-  
ens, "worshipped" the striped percales  
and "just wanted" a pattern off from  
the best piece of chamois goods, and  
must have twenty-five yards of Ham-  
burg lace. His pebble goats fitted  
"nicely," and all the goods were "charm-  
ing" (she knew for she inspected them),  
and she would be in again in a few  
days, and get a yard of his cotton  
cloth, and, (she had forgotten her  
purse,) if he was not afraid to trust her  
she would take along a spool of cotton  
thread. He was not afraid—that she  
would ever pay for it, but let her have  
the article.

Mrs. Emily Allen and Miss Sarah  
Allen, aunt and cousin of Mrs. Rider,  
made us a very acceptable and pleas-  
ant visit last Tuesday. Last summer  
they took a trip from Oswego, their  
present home, to Pomfret, Ct., where  
they attended the reunion of the  
Chandler and their old friends, and  
both, as well as all present on that  
occasion, enjoyed it very much. They  
recently came from Worcester, Mass.,  
where they visited Dr. George Chand-  
ler, a brother of Mrs. Allen, his fami-  
ly and other relatives and friends.  
Although Mrs. Allen is 84, she en-  
joyed her visit in Connecticut, her native  
place, and in other parts of the East  
very much and endured the journey  
without fatigue.

Cora Becker died at eight o'clock  
Monday evening, after a protracted  
suffering of about six weeks. At first  
her disease did not assume a danger-  
ous type, but for the last two weeks  
her life seemed to be suspended by a  
mere thread as it were, and at last  
the brittle thread was broken and her  
spirit winged its flight to that Land  
where sufferings are unknown. The  
funeral is held to-day (Thursday) at  
the residence of Mr. John Becker at  
3 p. m. The house of her father being  
undergoing improvements, she was  
taken to the house of her uncle in the  
early part of her sickness, where she  
received all the kind care that could  
be bestowed on her by her own and  
her uncle's families and other kind  
friends, and everything was done to  
save her life that could be done by  
good physicians at home and from  
abroad, but all efforts to baffle disease  
and save her life were fruitless, and  
fond friends were compelled to give  
her up. Not long since Dr. Becker's  
folks were called upon to give up  
their little Alice, and now, when obliged  
to give up Cora, they feel doubly af-  
flicted, and they have the sympathy  
of many friends among whom the de-  
ceased was a favorite. She will be  
sadly missed by her school, Sunday  
school and many other companies  
to whom she was very dear in life,  
and after death will long be remem-  
bered.

## CONDENSED NEWS.

—Don. Pedro, Emperor of Brazil,  
is again at home, after an absence of  
a year and a half.

—It has been ascertained that 250  
persons perished in the High-Blairsty  
colliery, in Scotland.

—New York city was, before the  
cigar-makers' late strike, manufactur-  
ing 80,000,000 cigars a week.

—The body of an unknown man,  
supposed to be sixty years of age, was  
found, last Sunday, hanging by the  
neck in Greenwood cemetery.

—Thomas King, of Baltimore, for  
twenty five years a noted circus rider,  
died in St. Agnes' Hospital, last Fri-  
day, aged forty-two years.

—Michael Murray and Edward Fig,  
two well-known politicians of Balti-  
more had a quarrel, and Fig cut Mur-  
ray's throat. Murray is not expected  
to recover.

—On the 28th ult., the old John  
Street M. E. Church, New York, had  
its 109th anniversary. The John Street  
Society is the oldest M. E. society in  
America.

—Joss Divita, a rag picker was stab-  
bed nine times by Petro Palomo, who  
had been refused admittance to a  
christening party in Newark, N. J.  
The wounds are serious.

According to the estimate of Third  
Assistant Postmaster-General Hazen,  
an appropriation of \$36,427,771 will  
be needed to defray the expenses of  
the postal service during the next fiscal  
year.

—A great fire recently occurred at  
St. John, New Brunswick, destroying  
230 houses, rendering 2,000 people  
homeless, 750 of whom were sufferers  
by the great fire of the 20th of last  
June, and causing a loss of about  
\$300,000.

—The Municipal officers of Jersey  
city are enforcing an old Sunday  
Law, and are obliging keepers of cig-  
ar-stands and



Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

JOHN TURNER VISITS VERMONT.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Oct. 25, 1877.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—A pleasant ride of about two hours brought me to this city from West Randolph, Vt., where I stopped over last evening to pay a short call to Mr. Willard E. Martin, once an inmate of the Hartford and Washington schools, who welcomed me warmly, as he had often heard of me. He is pleasantly situated on a fine farm. He was united in marriage to a fine speaking lady on the third of this month. He had the misfortune to lose his father by death on the 12th inst. He manages the farm with the assistance of his speaking brother, for the present. I am glad to learn that he stands high in the community. Last night we rode about two miles to call and see Mr. Ferdinand A. Beecher, and his wife, formerly Miss Marion Perry, both graduates of the Asylum, and now living at West Randolph, Vt., with whom Mr. Beecher works in a steam boiler and sash factory in that place. He has two daughters, who enjoy all the facilities in perfection. This morning we went four miles to see Mr. Edwin H. Lillie, and his wife whose maiden name was Miss Wealthy Wright, of Middleburg, Vt., both of whom we found well. Mr. Lillie is a good farmer and an ingenious clock and watch repairer. We enjoyed a two hours' conversation with them, and soon after I parted with Mr. Martin, after giving him many hearty thanks for the great favors that he had shown me. Then I took the 2-45 Montreal express train for this city, where, in about two hours, I set my foot for the first time. The appearance of this place pleases me very much.

This flourishing and important inland town lies snugly embosomed among the hills, at the head of the Green Mountains, which look like hills to me when I compare them with the Blue Ridge, of Virginia, in the shade of which I passed the greater part of my life, about thirty-five years. The first settler of this place gave it the name of Montpelier, after a city in France bearing that name. Mont is a French word for hill, and pelier, for bare or shorn, on account of some bare elevations at or near this city. The stream which passes through this city is called Onion River. It used to be named Winooksi, a name composed of two words of the Algonquin language, winook-onions and ki-land. Approaching this city we crossed Dog River, which was so named after a dog, which one of the white pioneer hunters had the misfortune to catch in a trap set for beaver or otter in the edge of the stream. The dog, in his struggles to escape found a watery grave.

I am told that the site of this city was, evidently, once the bed of a lake over one hundred feet deep. Thomas Jefferson once said that he believed the beautiful valley of Virginia was once the bed of a lake, about five hundred miles long. This place is believed to have been the favorite residence, or resort, of the French nobleman Samuel Champlain, who discovered Vermont in 1609, and whose name the lake still bears. It was once claimed by New York as a grant, and, but for the spirit and resolution of Ira Allen and his indomitable brother, Ethan, it would very likely have been settled by the Yorkers instead of the Massachusetts settlers, to whom it was subsequently granted and sold.

The first settler of this place was from Worcester county, Mass. Montpelier ever has been, and ever must be, liable to damages from floods, by which many valuable lives have been lost. The scenery is very picturesque. At a distance this city presents a pretty appearance. The State house can be plainly seen from my chamber window. I have seen all the New England Capitols. The State Houses at Augusta, Concord, and Montpelier, are considered similar to each other in architecture. I do not wish to conclude this without saying that I have found five deaf-mutes in West Randolph, Vt., and that if I can find deaf-mutes enough to enable me to conduct services in this city, I shall at no distant day, establish a mission here, without prejudice or bigotry. I am going away this afternoon.

Yours sincerely, John Turner.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM "UNCLE" THOMAS BROWN.

WEST HENRIER, N. H., Oct. 22, 1877.  
MR. RIDER:—The Deaf-Mutes' Journal is my constant companion among other newspapers of which about eight come every week,—the spiky Mirror coming the greatest distance. I do not pretend to read all their contents, but, like a bee that gathers honey here and there among flowers, I run my eyes over their pages and read what instructs me most. It does my Democratic heart good to hear from Ohio. I have a few books, but they are scarcely touched, except my old family Bible, left for me by my mother, which I have the privilege to study every evening. I find it a precious book, in which I find not a little comfort when I am alone in my study.

Evenings are lengthening, but I am prepared for them. I have plenty of wood, sawed and split by my faithful man, Erasmus D. Preston, a mute who has worked for me a number of years. If you, Mr. Editor, should drop in one of these evenings, you would find me in a new dressing gown and my big feet encased in delicately worked slip-

pers, the gift of Mrs. George Kent and Mrs. John O. David, of Amherst, N. H. Not long ago, they and Mrs. Frank Worcester, with Mr. Kent, the celebrated trout, favored me with a visit, and took me entirely by surprise, by asking me to accept the articles above mentioned and a nice hussock or foot mat as a token of their friendship, as I am the oldest mute in N. H. Said ladies, Mr. Kent and my humble self have known each other for years. You would admire the dressing gown, which is so nice I am almost afraid to wear it, and the slippers so light that I have to look to assure myself that they are on my feet. Though I expressed my thanks to the donors in my way, it may not seem out of place to speak of my easy chair, my birthday present last year. It is about as good as new, and if I am spared to see my seventy-fourth birthday I shall sit in the chair, muse on my past life and think of my numerous friends among the mutes.

It does me good to write occasionally to the Journal, and some of its readers may be glad to know that "Cincinnati," as Rev. W. W. Turner once toasted me, is still following the vocation of a farmer in West Randolph, N. H. I wish to say that my four won the first premium, three dollars, at our late County Fair.

It is with pain that I read the unreasonable attacks upon Mr. Job Turner. I wish to say to him, God bless you, go ahead. Yesterday, notwithstanding the doubtful weather, I drove eighteen miles to Concord, N. H., to see him preach, and found eighteen mutes present, from eighteen to fifty miles distance; four of them from Boston, and if it had been pleasant weather there might have been more. The field in which he labors is new to him, and, as a matter of course, he is liable to errors of judgment. He serves his Master. I know him personally, and hope he may succeed in his work of love. I have no doubt the attacks will draw around him firm friends. I don't care to talk about the different churches, but like to see true Christians, according to the teachings of the Holy Bible.

Sometimes in November last, William B. Sweet favored us with a pleasant visit. His collecting agency for the N. E. Industrial Home was successful. Sensible people think an Industrial Home beneficial to homeless mutes. Though opposed by some, it seems to be meeting with good success.

It pleased me much to hear of many of my old friends being at the Elmira Convention, among whom were W. M. Chamberlain, George M. Lucas, H. Atkins, and Dr. and Mrs. Galland. Should my life be mercifully spared till 1879, I may be at the convention in New York city. [We sincerely hope he will be spared to be at the convention.—ED. JOURNAL.]

I think that your retirement from the office of President will afford you more time to watch your little devils in the office.

I read in your paper that Mr. Turner may receive rotten eggs from some ladies, instead of "bricks," next time! I feel sad that my Clere watch was lost a few days ago. It is impossible to tell how, or where, it was lost; perhaps among the corn husks. It has served my memory of the late Laurent Clere very well.

I am happy to tell you that the old subscribers here speak well of your Journal, and will renew in due time. I always encourage the mutes to take your paper, as it is considered the best deaf-mute paper in this country.

THOMAS BROWN.

REFORMATION DOING ITS WORK.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me to say a few words to the readers of the Journal in regard to the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes and its originator, Mr. P. W. Packard.

On my recent visit to the "Witch" City, I had the opportunity of attending the services at their rooms, 2463 Essex St., which are neatly and prettily furnished, and are centrally located within three minutes' walk of the Eastern Railroad Depot, and are open every day. I was pleased to hear of the success of the society, through the unobtrusive efforts of Mr. Packard, the members of which show their confidence in him and look to his judgment for guidance. It was announced that he was to preach on Sunday, Oct. 14th, so I went in and took my seat, anxious in mind to be benefited, when Mr. Packard entered with his favorite Bible called "Teacher's Edition" under his arm. His text was from Acts 21: 29—"They Supposed," and his subject was the difference between facts and inferences—the evil results of supposition. His theme seemed to be the present demand for reformations among many of our class of people, and throughout his discourse he showed that he understood human nature and how to deal with souls. He seems to be one of the leaders of the day, in reformations, and in explaining a subject, his signs are clear, earnest and emphatic. The writer was much pleased with his sharp points. Mr. Packard was listened to by all with the closest attention. I went out with the feeling that an hour and a half spent in this service was beneficial to me, and I have the pleasure of informing you that he was the means of leading my soul to the cross a few years ago. I have before often heard him in Boston and elsewhere, and always find his sermons fresh and clear. As a preacher, it is worth while for the deaf-mutes to travel to hear him and notice the change that has taken place in him within the last few years. As a teacher in the Bible class, he is an excellent expositor, and as a worker he is indefatigable. His remarks at prayer-meeting are also excellent and lively.

His earnestness in the work goes on with unabated interest, and he is well known also as a great organizer in many things in connection with the deaf-mutes. I think the Salem mutes should consider themselves lucky to have such a preacher and teacher as Mr. Packard living in that place. Mr. Wm. Bailey, the newly elected president of the society, is showing his interest in it by officiating occasionally, which meets with the approval of all its members; he is well known in New England, and has lately taken up his residence at Beverly. I hope the society will continue to prosper under his guidance, and I think it would be well for other societies to give the above-named gentlemen a call to officiate for them. In conclusion I can only say God speed our brothers in their work for the conversion and reformation of our people, and help them to employ the most appropriate arguments and acceptable words.

“THAT VOICE FROM THE WEST” RE-ECHOED FROM THE EAST.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—"That voice from the West" but echoed the earnest sentiments of the mutes of the East. Much that has been said in the very ably written article meets with a hearty endorsement from us. There are, however, a few passages in it that we take exception to, and more particularly the one which reads: "The money that hearing people contribute for the support of deaf-mute missions, might have been put to better use in prosecuting the work that is now being done for the uneducated heathens. It might be applied in making more strenuous efforts to bring into school the many deaf-mutes, that State institutions are unable to find." We don't suppose that our unknown friend Dixie meant to convey the impression that there have been no benefits resulting from the support given to these deaf-mute missions, or that the money so faithfully applied to them has borne no fruits. If the formation of deaf-mute societies, no matter from whence comes the kind sympathy and substantial aid, has been the means of doing real good, as, in fact, they have proved instruments by which conversions have been effected and more than one lost sheep recovered, it would successfully refute the words that the money might have been put to better use, etc. There are a thousand things in the United States, upon which money has been merely wasted, and which might have been given to deaf-mute missions and other like worthy objects, but for which wanton waste the deaf-mute societies are in no way responsible or to blame.

Now for the Newburyport article, which has since become celebrated and which we endorsed. It was, in itself, innocent and simple enough, but the learned professor and "cool" philosopher, Job Turner, through his microscopic glass, magnified it into something awful, and a reply of two columns and a half from him was the result. Its long perusal carried us back to our school days at Hartford, when we studied ancient history and read the edict of the Pope—the Pope's Bull. It seems that we are in danger of having a modern deaf-mute Pope, and a new question has been born among us, viz—"Have you read the Pope's Bull against the Newburyport Society?" One would suppose that a great transgression had been committed. Well, if the ladies have transgressed, in defense of and for the preservation of their society, it would have been to Mr. Turner's glory to have passed over it. Self respect and the consciousness that their article had not been rightly understood forbade a rejoinder from them or any notice taken by them of the "reply." I have been permitted, however, to state for the benefit of those "little or benighted minds in the deaf-mute world" that the Newburyport society has always wished Mr. Turner God speed in his apostolic work, wherever needed or desirable. But the whole sum and substance of their article was an earnest protest against the establishing of an Episcopal or any other denominational church mission to deaf-mutes in Newburyport, it being to use a milder word,—not necessary, as their present society organized on a non-sectarian basis supplies all the wants of the mutes in that place and vicinity, and wherein worshipping God in the beauty of holiness is as faithfully exemplified, and, lastly, that they had assured Mr. Turner that they would be happy to extend to him an invitation to come and preach before their society, on some future occasion which their pleasure may designate.

We see Mr. Turner has issued a proclamation, explaining his platform. Seriously speaking, we hope the resumption of the era of good feeling and peace will soon assert its sway in the withdrawal of all attempts to set up in opposition to the already existing religious societies, church missions of any particular creed. ANYBODY.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 24, 1877.

Richard Grant White wisely says: Simple and unpretending ignorance is always respectable and sometimes charming; but there is little that more deserves contempt than the pretense of ignorance to knowledge. The curse and the peril of language in this country, is that it is at mercy of men who, instead of being content to use it well, according to their honest ignorance, use it ill, according to their affected knowledge, who being vulgar, would seem elegant; who being empty, would seem full; who make up in pretense what they lack in reality; and whose little thoughts, let off in enormous phrases, sound like fire crackers in an empty barrel.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LOWELL (MASS.) SILENT SOCIETY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The annual meeting of the Lowell Silent Society of Deaf-Mutes was held at the house of Mr. P. J. Wright, Oct. 17, 1877, a good number being present, among whom were Mrs. P. W. Packard and H. P. Chapman of Salem. Mr. I. W. Soper, for reasons best known to himself, declined a re-election as President, although strongly urged by the mutes to allow his name to be used. Miss Lizzie Lake, was elected President, P. J. Wright Treasurer, M. J. O'Neil Secretary, and Mrs. M. A. Wright examining committee.

The report of the Treasurer showed the society to be in a good financial condition, with a snug little sum on hand. Much interest has been manifested among the members the past year. One of our members has been removed by death. Twenty-two sermons have been delivered by the following persons: Sam. Rowe six, P. W. Packard five, G. B. Kenistore five, Wm. Lynde three, Job, Turner two, G. A. Holmes one. P. W. Packard officiated by request at the funeral of Mrs. Tallmadge, and is expected again November 11th, next.

There have been 18 Bible class meetings and two prayer-meetings. The one following the baptism of one of our members was very interesting, and nearly all present stood up for Jesus. It is to be hoped that the interest will continue and peace and harmony prevail among our members.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Going to Cross the Ocean.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Next Thursday I will embark with my brother to go home across the ocean, and expect to enjoy a short time with my folks, whom I have not seen for five years past. It is a pleasant duty to me to say farewell through the columns of the Journal to my numerous friends. I expect to return next summer to Colorado, where I had succeeded in realizing a small fortune from my mines. You will please send your worthy paper to the same address as hitherto.

Yours respectfully,  
FRANCIS ROTTER.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29th, 1877.  
The beginning of a new session of Congress is always the occasion of the revival of a great mass of business, that for various reasons has failed in the preceding Congress. The present one is no exception, and clerks are busy from morning to night searching files, examining records, and endorsing petitions.

People who memorialize Congress have learned by long experience that there is no virtue like persistency in pushing a claim. Some of the bills to be brought up again this session are wrinkled and yellow with age. Will the law-makers handle them any more tenderly on that account? Others come up crisp and new, but under their fair and innocent exterior lies a long train of consequences that will not be brushed aside by simple yes, or nay.

The improvements of southern harbors, particularly the Mississippi River or clearance, that will be urged this winter are of vital importance to the commercial interests of the entire country. The Congressman has been enjoying himself the last week. "Pilliole" races and other attractions have had great influence on the sessions; they have been few and far between. However great bodies move slow and the even balancing of the political parties in the House contributes to the inertia. Speaker Randall has been a long time making up his committee, and until they are chosen no important business can be transacted.

The House fills up the interim when in session by discussing the Colorado case. Among others, Harrison, of Illinois, has spoken eloquently in disproof of the claim, while General Garfield, of Ohio, vigorously defends it. It is confidently believed that Fernando Wood will be Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Atkins of Appropriations, Banning of Military Affairs, Hutton of the District, and Cox of Banking and Currency.

In the Senate the Louisiana case drags along slowly. It is said that Senator Matthews of Ohio, is making ready to attack the Civil Service Reform when the nominations are brought forward to be confirmed. Some personal friend of his, who stood high in the last Civil Service examination, received no appointment, while many are constantly slipping into office without even going through any form of examination; should this lead to an investigation of the investigations in the Interior Department, it will be a wheel within a wheel.

Mr. W. E. Curtis, correspondent of the New York Graphic, and of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, aroused the wrath of Senator Matthews the other day, by sending to the former paper a statement to the effect that the gentleman from Ohio spent some time here last winter, expecting to be called into service by the Electoral College. At its close he presented a heavy bill of expenses to the Republican Committee, that was finally paid by Secretary Chandler, out of his own pocket. The senator denies the story, while the correspondent says he can prove it.

Twenty-eight papers were needed at the Capitol and 1,500 lads presented themselves as applicants for the places. The mania for investigation spreads like the small pox, without distinction of age or sex, even the little pages of the House were brought before the Bar Friday and investigated, for the

purpose of ascertaining who made off with five dollars belonging to one of the Congressmen. The board of Indian Commissioners had a meeting on the twenty-fifth.

Favorable news is reported from the western border: the temporary removal of the Sioux to the Upper Missouri is in progress, and Sitting Bull's reply to the Commissioners sent out to him, drops that individual from the support of Peace Boards and Indian Bureaus. May he prove a good and loyal subject to Her Majesty and not an uncomfortable neighbor to the government which he has chosen to leave.

Of more than local interest, was the dedication of a large and beautiful school building the other day. It stands as a memorial of a Northern lady, who devoted her life to work among the freeman, and at her death left a small amount of money to be used for the education of colored people. The Trustees have erected this commodious structure and presented it to the District as the Minor Normal School for colored girls.

The old brick building, corner of State and 14th streets, for many years occupied by the State Department, is now the home of a hundred or more little orphan. The building was originally intended to be an asylum, but necessity leaves no choice; the Government took possession of it years ago, and continued to occupy it until the beginning of 1876, when a part of the new department was completed and ready for occupancy. This department, now one of the most important, was established in 1783, and styled the Department of Foreign Affairs.

FAX.

NEWS OF INTEREST FROM GOVERNOR, N. Y.

GOVERNOR, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—In accordance with my promise, I will furnish you with some news for your indispensable paper.

Gouverneur has lately been visited by another great fire. The most splendid edifices of business in the village,—"Union Block," comprising a furniture store, a dry goods store, and a hardware store, a public hall named Union Hall, a Masonic Hall, the Town Hall, a millinery shop, a barber's shop, &c., with adjacent buildings, namely: a furniture ware house, a paint shop, and a marble shop, are in ruins. Union Hall is spoken of in the Ogdensburg Journal as "one of the handsomest, best-appointed and most convenient public halls in the northern part of the State." The losses, public and private, are summed up to \$76,000, with an insurance of \$32,000. All the owners, including Mr. Charles H. Bowne, have got insurance. You were correct in saying that Mr. Bowne had no insurance, but he obtained a good deal on the public halls, which belonged to six wealthy men, including that gentleman, His hardware store was the least injured, only a very small piece of the ceiling of the store being burned. The block was built in 1875. It is apparent that the wealthy men are preparing for rebuilding.

As I have no doubt that you like to learn how your deaf-mute friends get along, I will add here that my wife and I have been blessed with a little assistant—a son. He came into the light on the 11th inst. There are two coincidences in regard to the time of our two children's birth. On the 9th of Aug., 1872, I presented to my wife the beautiful picture of a bouquet of flowers, and on the 11th of Oct., in the same year, another picture of flowers with a very little picture of a little boy behind them. Our daughter was born on the 9th of Aug. two years ago, and our little son on the 11th inst. My wife was born on Monday and I on Thursday, and our first child on Monday and the other on Thursday.

Hoping that your paper will remain for many years. I am  
Yours Sincerely,  
ALBERT P. KNIGHT.

Mrs. E. M. Gray at the Rochester Institution.

DEAR FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL:—Another week has come, and our anticipated visit at Rochester is being enjoyed. This morning at 10 o'clock, Leonora C. Gray, accompanied by her mother, visited the Deaf-mute Institution. There they were made welcome by Miss Mary M. Hazard, one of Miss Grays dear and familiar friends. After a chat-cha from the end of their fingers, they were invited to the room of Miss Hamilton, a former teacher of Miss Gray, in the New York Institution. As we entered her department, my ears were saluted with sounds coming from voices unused to speaking. Involuntarily, the prayer was breathed out that the efforts there being made by Miss Hamilton to train these mute voices might result in a rich harvest to the dear ones thus bereft. Miss Hazard has engaging manners, and bright clear eyes, that penetrate into the fibers of one's being. She gave to the writer unmistakable evidence that she was "Miss-tress of the situation," so we sat awhile, then gave her the passing good-bye, hoping to again meet her at some future time.

Miss Hazard kindly escorted us to the room of Mr. Hart, gentleman of culture and refinement. In that department Miss Gray met some of her former associates. How their eyes danced with joy as they met.

There certainly is much more expressed in the eyes of deaf-mutes than among hearing and speaking persons. We were politely entertained while in Mr. Hart's room, and as we shook our good-byes, we were impressed with the idea that he was "the right man in the right place," and most earnestly do we hope that his instructions will not

be lost. No, they will not, we feel assured. Seed cast on good soil must eventually spring up to enrich heart and home. May all the parents of these pupils keep these self-sacrificing teachers, in their work of faith and labor of love. The hour of 12 having nearly arrived, and we being engaged at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, the writer left, leaving her daughter, Leonora, to enjoy still more of the company of her friends similarly afflicted as she is.

On Thursday, the 11th of Oct., Miss Gray anticipates starting for her home in Brooklyn, from which she has been gone nearly three months, and, as she journeys, she commends each of her dear friends to the care of Israel's Shepherd, with the fond hope that when their next re-union may take place, in the city of New York, she may greet them all in her own native city, as well as welcome them to her own home in Brooklyn, in which desire her mother joins.

Mrs. E. M. GRAY, M. D.  
ROCHESTER, Oct. 8th, 1877.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

There is grandeur and sublimity in the aspect of night, when arrayed in a mantle of gloom and crowned with a diadem of stars, she comes, extending a certain repose over the toil-worn world. How still is the hour of night, when all things are hushed to rest. The pulse of nature seems to have ceased its motion, and the surrounding gloom hangs over the earth like a funeral pall. Night is the time for prayer. At such an hour the spirit, freed from care, ascends in thought to Him "who maketh the darkness his pavilion, and thick clouds His dwelling place." Night is the time for repose. Like a kind parent watching over a slumbering child, she draws a veil of friendly shade over the glare of day, that the wearied sons of men may find rest.

How welcome to the tired frame is the approach of slumber, when it comes shrouding the mind in a sweet oblivion of woe. Under its blessed influence, grief ceases to weep, and misery to pine, care lays aside its burden, labor its toil, and within its shadowy realms we repose undisturbed by the cares and tumults of this world. Night in its silence and sleep in its oblivion: are they not fitting emblems of death, that last long sleep, whose fetters shall ere long be thrown around all, whose hours are years, whose years are centuries? To the unrepentant sinner death is a long dark night, whose gloom is uncheered by hope or joy; but to the humble and penitent believer in Christ, it is only a sweet slumber, a night of quiet rest whose darkness shall be dispelled by the resurrection morn of everlasting day.

M. S. C. B.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

From the Carolina Spartan.

On Monday, at about a quarter of twelve, a train on S. & U. Railroad ran over and killed Mr. R. C. Springs, a deaf and dumb man, well known in our community. The train was backing down to Maxwell's brick yard slowly, when Mr. Springs was struck and killed by the wheels of an empty flat car running over his head, which fell on the rail. Mr. Irwin, agent on road, immediately reported the casualty, and a coroner's inquest was held, when a verdict was rendered of "death by misfortune or accident." Mr. Springs was a patriotic and highly respected citizen, and his death in such an unfortunate and unforeseen manner was a terrible shock to his family, and many friends who have known him a long time.

A most touching incident attending the death of Mr. Springs, was the exhibition of faithful attachment to his master by a little terrier that was with him. The poor little dog lay down by the side of the corpse of the old man, and presented every effort made to touch the body, even keeping the insects from a buzzing about his inanimate remains. True in life and faithful even in death, the poor unconsolidated cur gave a lesson to erring nature worthy of unfading remembrance.

A WORD TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

Our attention has been called to a new cooking utensil, recently invented which makes baking a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity, the inventor of which has conferred an everlasting blessing upon every house-keeper. We refer to the Patent Centennial Cake and Bread Pan, with which, by simply raising a hook, you can remove the sides of the pan from the cake instantly, without breaking or injuring it in the least, thus enabling you to ice and frost it while warm. To remove the tube in the center, insert a knife in the slot in the top of the tube, and simply give it a half turn, and it will drop out. It is also provided with a slide on the bottom, so that when you remove the tube, you can close the hole, making a pan with plain bottom, for baking jelly and plain cakes, pudding, bread, etc., thus practically giving you two pans for the price of one.

The Centennial Cake Pan is highly recommended by the ladies as being the best and most convenient pan ever introduced. They are made of Russia iron, are more durable, and will bake your cakes more evenly and a much nicer brown than you can bake them in the old-fashioned tin cake pans. These goods are sold exclusively through agents to families, and every housekeeper should by all means have them. A splendid opportunity is offered to some reliable lady or gentleman canvasser of this county to secure the agency for a pleasant and profitable business. For terms, territory, etc., write to L. E. Brown & Co., Nos. 214 & 216 Elm St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

President's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—The following was issued this afternoon:  
By the President of the United States of America, a Proclamation.

The completed circle of summer and winter, seed time and harvest has brought us to the accustomed season at which religious people celebrate with praise and thanksgiving, the enduring mercy of Almighty God. This devout and public confession of the constant dependence of man upon the Divine Father for all the good gifts of health, peace and happiness, so early in our history made a habit of our people, finds in the survey of the past year new grounds for its joyful and grateful manifestations. In all blessings which depend upon benignant seasons, this has indeed been a memorable year. Over a wide territory of our country, with all its diversity of soil, climate, and products, the rich harvest yielded a bountiful return to the laborer of the husbandman. The health of the people has been blighted by no prevalent or widespread diseases. No great disasters of shipwreck upon our coasts or to our commerce on the seas have brought loss or hardship to merchants or mariners, and clouded the happiness of the community with sympathetic sorrow. In all that concerns our strength, peace and greatness as a nation; in all that touches the permanence and security of our government, and the beneficent institutions on which it rests; in all that effects the character and dispositions of our people and tests our capacity to enjoy and uphold the equal and free conditions of society now permanent and universal throughout the land—the experience of the last year is conspicuously marked by the protecting providence of God, and is full of promise and hope of coming generations. Under a sense of these infinite obligations to the Great Ruler of times and seasons, and events, let us humbly ascribe it to our own faults and frailties; if in any degree that perfect concord and happiness, peace and justice, which such great mercies should diffuse through the hearts and lives of our people, do not altogether, and always, and everywhere prevail. Let us with one spirit and with one voice lift up praise and thanksgiving to God for his manifold goodness to our land, his manifest care of the nation.

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and I earnestly recommend that withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for his mercies; and to devoutly beseech their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, on the 29th of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and second.

(Signed,) R. B. HAYES,  
By the President,  
WM. M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

FIGHT IT OUT.

A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly interesting, and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's home to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and guest by the abrupt question: "Where is your wife?"

"Now the gentleman, having recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth: "I don't know."

"Don't know?" responded the enfant terrible. "Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogations, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once. So he said with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives: "Well, we don't live together; we think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

He stilled a groan, as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed: "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED.	
Flour, (retail) \$7 00 Red 7 50 White 8 25	
Meal, 7 cwt, (retail).....	1 20
Shorts, 7 ton,.....	16 00
Shipments, 7 ton,.....	18 00
Middlings, 7 ton,.....	24 00
Corn,.....	65
Oats,.....	30 @ 35

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCTS.

Butter,.....	15 @ 22
Loose Butter,.....	12 @ 18
Cheese,.....	11 @ 13
Lard,.....	11
Eggs, 7 dozen,.....	17
Beef, 7 lb,.....	65 @ 125
Beef, 7 cwt,.....	84 @ 6
Mutton, 7 cwt,.....	86 @ 9
Pork, 7 barrel, retail,.....	61
Pork, 7 cwt,.....	53 @ 65
Apples, (dried) 7 lb,.....	04
Ham, 7 lb,.....	115
Dressed Poultry, 7 lb,.....	8 @ 10
Potatoes, 7 bush,.....	25 @ 30
Beef Hides, 7 lb,.....	5 @ 6



At Temperance Lecture, Delivered by W. A. Bond Before the Manhattan Literary Association, New York, Wednesday Evening, Oct. 17th, 1877.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I deny that I am a lecturer, but I am only conversing in a way upon a subject of importance, which has never been imparted to the deaf and dumb by a deaf and dumb person.

Many of you have frequently heard great men talk on this subject, and many arguments have been given you, but they have not done so to my class, and I am here to-night to try and speak for my own brothers, while Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who has devoted more than twenty-five years to the welfare of the deaf and dumb, is here to interpret for you. When I say it would be unmanly for me not to acknowledge the pride I feel in having the liberty to address such a magnificent assemblage as this, I have also, humbly, to confess my weakness when confronting you.

Before I commence with my subject, permit me to say that the Manhattan Literary Association, a society composed entirely of deaf-mutes, meets in these rooms every Thursday evening, for the express purpose of holding debates and lectures, for the sake of the deaf and dumb.

But in these days of retrospection, it seems fitting to recall some of the heroic deeds of the brave and untiring men, which form so essential a part of the early history of the education of the deaf and dumb. The memorable struggle which the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the father of my interpreter, undertook: to bring the real method of educating this unfortunate class of children to America, and the useful issue of which has secured to us for all time to come the munificent benefits of a true education, has left in its train many sad relics of the barbarism inseparable from human strife, which in this year we would gladly blot from our remembrance.

Should you strike out the name of Laurent Clerc, and his great deeds, what a glorious light goes out. Drop the name of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, and what a bright page in history is blotted from our record. Wipe out the name of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of this church, and his gallant resistance of every temptation that befell our deaf-mute brethren in olden times, but which do not befall us as much as in former times, and you blot the name that has shed imperishable lustre on the deaf-mute community.

Let me here turn to my subject and say that it is not time to get frightened yet. There are many young men going unprotected, to whom, I think, the worst temptation is intemperance, and they must endeavor to avoid it. Your attention is kindly called to this temptation, as it besets you all, and even moderate drinking leads into the paths of wickedness. Curiosity, is probably, the first cause of your fall, and you seem bent on testing everything by experience. Worldly influence leads many of you astray, but the sparkling wine offers greater temptations. "Beware of wine, for it is a mocker" is an old adage. It is a continual contact with evil, which robs you of the ability to see its natural repulsiveness. Avoid, therefore, all familiarity with the cup, for human nature is weak, and gives way easily under temptation.

You all often think when you see the fallen and abandoned drunkard that you will never become like him, or fall as low as he has, but you must not forget that the most of them once pillowed their heads in innocence and purity upon their mother's laps, as you once did. It was drop by drop that led them down till their descent became irresistible in its course. For instance, I know several young men, of more than ordinary intellectual abilities, who bid fair for a brilliant career, as they possessed a wonderful imaginative mind, and were esteemed and hailed as the best in the institution in which they pursued their studies. Yet they have fallen from the pinnacle to which they had been elevated by the high estimation of their fellow students and venerable professors, by excessive indulgence in intoxicating beverages, and I fear they will become moral, as well as physical, suicides. These young men will come to a premature end, and die under a cloud, confessing their sins, and crying for mercy, and acknowledging with their expiring breath that they were led into paths of licentiousness by their fondness of the cup.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ saw the necessity of guarding us from our sin and danger: for he taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and you must pass by and around it if you value your eternal welfare.

It is true the drunkard has repeat-

edly broken and disobeyed the physical and moral laws, the infraction of which he must, will, and does suffer. The man who has fallen into habits of intemperance does not recover from his debauch immediately, or regain his former steady nerves or clear eyesight in a day, or even a month. Those who offend the laws of God, must suffer the penalties as they are immutable.

When you attempt to break from the habit, the cup will intrude from time to time, and must be fought down. The battle may be virtually won, but the scars as well as the pain, must remain.

If God meant that we should drink rum we would have had it provided by nature, but there are no showers of rum, neither is there any alcohol in the blood. When the Lord wanted a strong man, he bade Sampson neither drink wine nor strong drink; and to-day when a man is undergoing great physical exercise, he is required to abstain from rum.

By rum, the nation is being emaciated, and its vigor destroyed. Most of the crimes which are committed are caused by rum, and the rumrunner is in a great measure responsible for them. He will follow his murdered brothers to the bar of God, and when the Great Magistrate calls the first fratricide to account, and shall ask the rumrunner, "where are thy brethren?" he will have no escape, and will have to answer the stern Majesty of Eternal Justice: "I slew them, and brought endless perdition upon myself for the sake of a short and infamous life on earth."

Well, dear hearer, I ask you if it would be right for the rumrunner to go to the poor-house, where the idiots, insane, squalid and deformed are, and pass them with a laugh saying, "I made this your home," or has he a right to stop the poor orphans on the streets, and tell them that he robbed them of parents, homes, friends, bread, and education, only to live in lazy ease himself? Yet he has done all this and much more.

Rum does not nourish the system, and every drop sold costs the drunkard's family a loaf of bread. Poverty, gambling, loss of friends, business, and self-respect are produced by intemperance. It fills the penitentiary and abas-houses with miserable lives, that finally fill premature and dishonored graves, and the drunkard's name is gone only to rot. Do you think it right that fifty working men should be poor and ragged in order to have only one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth, and have an abundance of money? Is it right to have one man sent to jail when another man sold him the liquor that made him commit the crime? Does it pay to have one man hung for murder when another made him drunk at the time he did the deed? Is it right to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, and turned into hells of misery, strife, and want, while the rumrunner builds a large mansion for himself, wife, and children to live in affluence and ease, while the wives and children of drunken husbands and fathers dress in rags, live in hovels, hungry, and finally turn into "scarecrows"?

It costs nearly \$11,000,000 to support the paupers in the United States, and it is said in one of the temperance journals that during the last ten years the use of liquor has imposed upon the nation a direct expense of \$600,000,000. It has been said that 70,000,000 bushels of grain is yearly consumed in the distilleries and breweries. These 70,000,000 bushels of grain, if manufactured into flour, would make 4,200,000,000 loaves of bread for the poor.

Intemperance deprives man of his reason and intelligence, and destroys the peace and happiness of hundreds of thousands of families; and the authorities depend upon sober people for support and money for these drunken paupers. Who says it is in good taste for them to do so? The rumrunner is licensed, not only to sell rum, but to make the strong and industrious mechanic weak and idle; to lay a wise man low; to make a wife's fond heart break; and make the children's tears flow. They are also licensed to kindle hate and strife, to nerve the thief's arm to abet the murderer's knife, and to destroy the peace and quiet of many firesides; even to bring disease, want, and woe into this world, and make it a hell for drunkards to dwell in.

Let me, for instance, show you the proposal of the rumrunner to the devil. The rumrunner begins by saying, "I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, brandy, gin, wine, beer, and all their compounds." The rumrunner says, "our object, though different, can best be attained by united ac-

tion," and goes on to propose a co-partnership with his Satanic Majesty. All he wants of men is their money, and all the devil wants is their souls. So the rumrunner says, "bring to me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you as drunkards, paupers, and beggars." "Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of its father and mother," is another appeal of the rumrunner. He also urges the devil to entice the father and mother to enter his place so he can plant discord between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children. He wants the young man so he can ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth. The rumrunner wants the mechanic, the laborer, and his money,—the hard-earned fruits of his toil—and to plant poverty, vice, and ignorance in his once happy home. And the warm-hearted sailor is wanted by the rumrunner to send him on a lee-shore, and make ship-wreck of all his fond hopes forevermore.

The professed follower of Christ is wanted, so that the rumrunner can blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart. The rumrunner will even corrupt the ministers, and defile the purity of the church. The rumrunner wants the young, old, respectable, temperance, and business men brought to the hotels and oyster saloons, so that their presence there may make him more fearless, and their presence in hotels and gin-mills will make him bolder. When the devil finds what the rumrunner proposes to do, he will rejoice, and say to the rumrunner that he would embrace him a thousand times if he could do so. But as they can not embrace each other, the devil then informs the rumrunner that he has reserved a place for him nearest his dishonorable seat, and says that his satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of his crown. And who will think that the Arch-devil could not be very easily defeated, if the rumrunner was not licensed? While the Gospel of Jesus is saving men, could the devil do anything to prevent it if the saloons were all closed? The saloons give our ministers the hardest work, and all of the sins are caused by the same. Of course, Satan will admit that he has ransacked the depths of his abode to find a soul that can do as much as the rumrunner, but his missions have always proven a failure. His demon "Murder" slew only the hopeless, poor and innocent. His servant "Lust" went forth and ruined many innocent, destroyed virtue, wrecked happiness, blasted character, and caused untimely deaths and dishonored graves. This servant did not satisfy his Majesty, and so "Avarice" was sent forth, but few fell by him. The twin brothers "Pestilence and War" stole out and "Famine" crawled behind, but they slew both the innocent and bad, and Heaven received as many souls as the other place. The devil will harden the rumrunner's heart so that his conscience will not trouble him, and will only claim the souls, while the rumrunner may have the pennies.

But, friends and acquaintances, before I close I would say, that you had better never touch the cup, but try and mend your life, and that is all that your Saviour wants of you; and by continuing in drinking, you will only bring trouble and misery upon yourselves. No one ought ever to volunteer to go in the saloons; for the steps lead the way straight to hell.

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Our natures, like venering, may be warped to almost any condition of life. They may be bent to angular circumstances, or shaped to infirmities, may be marred or chafed by want and care, and still present surfaces susceptible of the highest polish. Misfortune, which may seem at first almost insupportable, may grow in favor. Afflictions are but the seasonings of life's dish, and without them it would be tasteless and insipid. Without the ills of life, we should be illy prepared to enjoy its blessings.

By opposites, alone, we judge of the nature of things. Contrast is the betrayer of every object in nature. Were it not darkness, or the absence of light, we should remain forever ignorant of the existence of light itself. Wrong is the only rule, by which we can measure right actions; and were there no pain, we think there would not be much pleasure. "Sorrows are but ill-timed joys—wrong, right, inverted—error, reason's blunders—disappointments, only the broken links in life's chain of pleasant associations; and often from the common ills of life spring our choicest blessings. The mind that is

truly great, will rise above the petty annoyances of this world, and, though the visible universe be shrouded in midnight darkness, knowledge will enter, if only at the fingers' ends.

True, thoughts, like plants, reach up for the light, but it is the light of truth, and those who are blind to this light are blind indeed. Those who turn a deaf ear to the truths that the light brings, are far more deaf than scores of our dear readers, whose ears never heard a sound, as its sweet cadence fell, unheard, unheeded by them.

These see the light, as revealed by the inspiration that comes from God, the fountain of all life, light, and knowledge. They hear the sweet whisper of loving accents beaming forth from eyes of love,—hearts, brim full of tender emotions and affection. "The smile that wreathes the lips with gladness, comes not from the sunshine without, but from within. The highest of which we are capable, can proceed only from the heart that has been sanctified by sorrow." Yet, there is something, we are convinced, in the condition of every one, in a measure, compensatory for all his or her privations and afflictions.

Every station in life, however humble or exalted, has its advantages, and with them its own sources of joy and grief. The highest privileges may be abused and the purest affections of the soul may be perverted.

The rich man may be happy in the possession of great wealth, or he may, indeed, be more wretched than the poor man who labors to earn a scanty subsistence, or even the poor beggar at the wayside. Much, we are persuaded, depends upon the medium through which we view our allotments. A false glass gives not only a false coloring to objects, but may greatly magnify or distort them.

Habitual cheerfulness tends rather to diminish than increase the burden of afflictions, while despondency is sure to cast a gloom over all that is bright and beautiful in nature. A cheerful submission to whatever is manifestly irremediable, can never fail to be productive of the most happy results.

The discipline of life had not been lost on Mrs. Shelby, now when she was almost totally deaf. The conviction that was produced by her fall from her carriage was telling, more and more, on her organs of hearing. While she greatly felt the loss, not one murmur escaped her. She often said, "my sight is left me so that I can take in all God's beautiful works. I can understand many things my own dear ones say, by the motion of their lips, and, besides, my ears do not now take in discordant sounds as they once did." You see, she drew comfort, even from this,—no unpleasant sounds to mar her repose.

Think of all this, ye who cannot hear. Think of your kind Father and Benefactor who blesses you with sight, so that you may enjoy all the sight-seeing your eyes can take in.

Mrs. Shelby was contented with her lot in life: content with such things as she had. There was, as we have before said, a settled calm resting on her brow,—the look as of a saint forgiven. Blessed lady, thy influence, reaches far beyond the walls of thy princely home: many shall rise up and call thee blessed. Thine own dear Emma's living, with her willing hands, what thy spirit prompts in thy quiet retreat.

Could we induce the discontented to follow the example of Mrs. Shelby, we should feel that we had not written in vain, or spent our time for naught.

Yet, there is sometimes a laudable discontent on the part of the young. There is perhaps no manifestation of the human heart, or we may say intellect, that more conclusively proves its own immortality, than our constant discontent with the present, and our insatiate reaching forward after objects of desire shrouded in the vista of futurity. Before the budding mind is sufficiently developed to comprehend its responsibility and to learn its destiny, the heart is moved forward by an innate impulse, and the pure fancy is impressed with alluring objects and images, natives of a brighter sphere.

When in the sunny hours of childhood, we sport upon the flowery lawn, sit by the murmuring rill, as it gently meanders along its willowed bank; or chase with fantastic tread, the gay butterfly, over the rich green meadows, plucking from our path the lily and the wild rose, life seems to us but one scene of beauty, untroubled by the shadows of sin. Yet, oft from these innocent thoughts, we turn away our hearts panting for maturer years; and while gazing to the future, we paint in our youthful ardor all that is delightful and gay.

But, alas! as we gently glide along the current of time, and emerge into the busy presence of life, how often are our fondest hopes blighted, and mount-

ains of sorrow and disappointment appear in their view, rearing their summits to the sky, yet glittering with the tears of earthly pilgrims that have passed over before us.

Yet, who dares murmur at his lot? He who holds in his hands the destiny of individuals as well as nations, has purposes to accomplish. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." No theme or philosophy, devised by ancient, or modern sages, can administer so sovereign a solace to the afflicted or sorrow-stricken soul as an unshaken confidence in a wise, over-ruling Providence, and an enlightened faith in the doctrines of the gospel.

On the precious promises learned from that volume, Mrs. Shelby rested under all her trying afflictions. This is rest indeed, such as the world can not give or take away,—no forced composure. Her looks told of heaven and peace within.

We, amid all life's conflicts, may attain to this settled calm, while we may, and often do, feel the storms without, yet, there is clearly discerned the blue sky, the azure blue, and we wait the first dawn of the morning light.

DOCTOR PIERCE'S  
GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY  
CURES DISEASES OF THE  
THROAT, LUNGS, LIVER & BLOOD.  
In the wonderful medicine to which the afflicted are above directed for relief, the discoverer has been enabled to harness more of Nature's sovereign curative properties, which God has bestowed upon the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in any medicine. The discoverer of this medicine has been enabled to harness more of Nature's sovereign curative properties, which God has bestowed upon the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in any medicine. The discoverer of this medicine has been enabled to harness more of Nature's sovereign curative properties, which God has bestowed upon the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in any medicine.

It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried to the most inaccessible parts of the system, and the natural discharge of the system is thereby promoted. It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried to the most inaccessible parts of the system, and the natural discharge of the system is thereby promoted. It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried to the most inaccessible parts of the system, and the natural discharge of the system is thereby promoted.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AT \$1 PER BOTTLE.  
Prepared by H. V. PIERCE, M. D., Sole Proprietor, at the WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Lowell, N. Y.

WATCHES! JEWELRY!  
Romaine Gold, so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870, by the celebrated French chemist M. D. De Linge, who manufactured it into jewelry and for live years sold it to the leading jewellers of Paris for \$100,000. In 1875, when it was first known, ten of the manufacturing jewellers established a stock company, with a capital of \$10,000,000 for the purpose of manufacturing Romaine Gold Jewelry and Watches. With this immense capital, and the aid of improved machinery they are enabled to produce all kinds of jewelry of every class, thus one-tenth the cost of solid gold, and of a quality and color which makes it impossible even for experts to detect it from the genuine.  
We have secured the exclusive agency of the United States and Canada, for the sale of all goods manufactured from this metal, and in order to introduce them in the most speedy manner, have put up several sample lots as given below, which we will sell at a moderate retail value until January 1st, 1878. Read the list.  
50-Cent Lot. \$3.00 Lot.  
One pair Watch Chain, retail price \$1.00 One Ladies' Opera Guard Chain.  
One pair Engraved Silver Buttons, " 75 One Ladies' Neck Chain and Cross.  
One Stone-Set Pearl Pin, " 75 One beautiful Locket, (engraved),  
One Set (3) Spiral Shirt Studs, " 75 One Ladies' Heavy long Neck Chain,  
One Improved Collar Button, " 75 One Gentle Twist Link Watch Chain and Charm.  
One Heavy plain Wedding Ring, " 1.25 One pair Opera Buttons.  
Total, ..... \$5.00 One set (3) Onyx Shirt Studs.  
For 50 cents we will send above six articles One new improved Collar Button.  
One Extra Cut Cameo Seal Ring.  
One pair Opera Buttons, stone setting One set Amethyst or Topaz Pin and Ear Drops.  
One set (3) Spiral Shirt Studs. One Ladies' Clasp Button.  
One pair Engraved Engagement Ring, One plain Ring, stamped 18 K.  
One set (2) Engraved Bracelets. \$5.00 Lot.  
One Ladies' Long Guard or Neck Chain. One Ladies' Opera Chain, with Rhinestones and Tassels.  
One Engraved Miniature Locket, for the above (retail price \$5.00).  
One Lake George Diamond Stud. One Ladies' heavy long Neck Chain,  
One Ladies' Neck Chain and Charm. One elegant Chased Miniature Locket for above.  
One Ladies' Heavy Guard Chain for Watch. One set Cameo Medallion Pin and Ear Drops.  
One set Pin and Ear Rings, Amethyst. One pair (2) Heavy Closed Band Bracelets.  
One Ladies' Miniature Locket. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Stud.  
One Extra Cut Seal Ring. One Gentle's Cluster Diamond Pin.  
One very heavy Wedding or Engagement Ring. One pair Amethyst or Onyx Seal Buttons.  
One Gentle's heavy Watch Chain with Charm. One set (3) Studs to match the above.  
One pair Pearl Link Bracelets. One elegant heavy set Cameo Seal Ring.  
One Lake George Diamond Stud. One Massive Band or Wedding Ring.  
One pair (2) heavy Band Bracelets. One new "patent" Collar Button.  
One Gentle's heavy Watch Chain, (extra finish). One Amethyst or Topaz Ring, (extra finish).  
The retail price of the articles in each sample lot amounts to exactly ten times the price we ask for the lot; for example, our \$1.00 lot calls for \$10.00; our \$5.00 lot for \$50.00.  
A SOLID ROMAINE GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCH FREE.  
To any one sending in an order for the above lot, by express to the amount of \$15.00, we will send FREE the Solid Romaine Gold Hunting-Case Watch, Gentle's or Ladies' also, warranted to keep perfect time and look equally as well as a \$100.00 gold watch. By mail \$15.00. This is our best offer to Agents, and it is worth a trial, as the watch alone will sell or trade readily for from \$20 to \$30. Gentle's or Ladies' Watch alone, \$7 or \$8, with a heavy Gentle's Gold Pattern Gold Chain and Charm, or Ladies' Opera Chain with Rhinestones and tassels.  
RETAIL PRICES:—This offer only holds good until Jan. 1st, 1878. After that time we shall sell only to Jobbers, and Wholesale dealers, and any one wishing our goods will then have to pay full retail prices.  
Romaine Gold is the best, and, in fact, the only imitation of genuine gold made, being the same in weight, color and finish, and all our goods are made in the latest gold patterns. Will guarantee satisfaction in every instance, or refund money.  
Send money by P. O., Money Order, or Registered Letter, AT OUR RISK. No goods sent C. O. D. unless at least \$5.00 accompanies the order. Address plainly, W. F. EVANS & CO., Sole Agts for U.S. and Canada, 95 & 97, South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Rest, weary one, thy tottering steps shall not slip. A hidden hand is stretched out for thee; grasp that hand; doubt not, falter not. Stand firm amid all life's conflicts, no matter what those conflicts are. Soul development, is going on in thee. "Endure as seeing Him who is invisible" to thy mortal eye. Thou shalt reach the goal; and, then, when reached, all thy conflicts o'er, thou shalt stand complete at last, no faculty unimpaired, no deafness, no blindness; thine ear shall catch the sound of heaven's harpers, thine eye shall behold that land, not so far off, "where the Lamb, that is in the midst of the throne," shall feed thee, and lead thee unto fountains of living waters, and "God shall wipe all tears from thine eyes. Then wilt thou be made to know," that the hidden hand had been all the years of thine earthly pilgrimage outstretched for thee.

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It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried to the most inaccessible parts of the system, and the natural discharge of the system is thereby promoted. It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried to the most inaccessible parts of the system, and the natural discharge of the system is thereby promoted.

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Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, when used with Dr. Pierce's Fountain Jet Injector, and accompanied with the constitutional treatment which is set forth in the pamphlet that wraps each bottle of the Remedy, is a perfect specific for this disease. It is a simple, and pleasant remedy, requiring no strong or caustic drugs or pessaries. The Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents, is sold at all druggists, or by mail, at 25 cents, by Dr. J. C. Rogers, Buffalo, N. Y.

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